

## Home Reading.

## Harold, Singing.

Harold comes lingering down the stair,  
My child-knight Harold, with boyish grace.  
Under his close-cropped golden hair  
Shines the mischievous rose of his face;  
But the dancing eyes are dreamy now,  
And the laughing mouth is wistful grown,  
And the voice that is rarely grave or slow  
Chants in a pitiful undertone:  
"For men must work and women must weep,  
Over and over, this alone."

Ha, haddie, what words are these for you?  
Where did you catch the grim, sweet strain?  
Such be for soun that have journeyed through  
The gates of the city of toil and pain.

But you, on a pathway just begun,  
Out with the birds in the meadow-grass,  
Playing at hide-and-seek with the sun,  
Why should you echo the world's sias?  
"For men must work and women must weep."  
Unheard, unheeded, the questions pass.

But Harold, I see in your shining eyes  
The crystal light that the young souls bear  
To the human world from the God-lit skies.

But lose in the tempests of grief and care,  
Keep the light while you may, then, little man,  
For the threatening years press on apace;  
Sport with the butts-all you can—  
Soon must you strive in a sterner race;  
"For men must work and women must weep."

And the shadows will deepen across the face.

The boy smiles out of the midst of the song:

"Why do you wonder that I have heard  
What our neighbor goes singing the whole day  
long?

The beautiful music! For never a bird—  
Though the birds are not so sober, you know—  
Twittered an air that I loved so well;

And the words in my heart sound strange and

low.

What is the rest of it? Can't you tell?

"For men must work and women must weep,"

Again he murmurs the tuneful spell.

Ay, the ballad is true, and truth is sweet,

And better than heart of the happiest boy

Is the man's heart, knowing of life complete,

Of the struggle and sorrow that end in joy.

You're stirred by the music over the way?

Then answer it, Harold, glad and clear;

For the darkness brightens into the day,

And a prophet of hope is the voice you hear.

"For men must work and women must weep,"

And in all God draweth his children near!

—Marion L. Peeler.

Notes of Travel in the Southwest.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CITIZEN.

GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO,

July 7, 1883.

I write on the bank of the Colorado River, seated on a boulder, from which I can stoop down and put my hand into the water. Our tent is in a dry cañon, about three hundred feet from the Grand Cañon. The river is higher than it was last night, and is therefore somewhat smoother, the water not being roughened and tossed about so much by the rocks below. We found that we could not go out into the current, as it was too powerful for a boat (unless manned by skillful hands), much more so for a swimmer. It must be very deep, and, I think, from where I sit to the opposite side is, at least, five hundred feet.

The granite rock (syenite) rises from the water almost perpendicularly, two or three hundred feet; above that is the peculiar Arizona (or Colorado) formation, which is unlike any other (so far as I know) in the world. A little to the left, on the top of the granite, towering above the rest, is a pile of rock which looks like an old castle upon a series of terraces. The sun shines upon the upper half, but its rays have not yet reached the base. On the right is a similar formation, and also further on the left; but whether along the river or away from it I cannot tell, as we can see scarcely a hundred feet of its course above or below the mouth of the dry cañon where we are staying.

This dry cañon must once have been a very wet one, for along its course for many miles back from here it presents the same appearance as the sides of the Colorado itself. About a mile before reaching the river a little rill sprang out of the bed of what is a current in the rainy season; soon others appear until, when it reaches the river, it has become a little brook which murmurs along charmingly. At night we bathed in it, one by one; to accomplish this we dammed it with stones and gravel and made quite a respectable pond, large enough for a single bather.

If that brook were near the railroad, it would be worth tens of thousands of dollars. It was the pleasantest thing I have seen since I left home. I don't wonder that David longed for a drink from the spring well of which he had so often drunk, and that his heroes were willing to risk their lives to get him one. This "dry and thirsty land in which no water is" does not tempt me to stay in it.

July 9.—The journey to the cañon was much more trying than we anticipated. The distance had not been correctly given us. It is as follows: fourteen miles from the railroad station to the camping ground where we spent Thursday night, and eleven miles further to the "Grand Cañon." We walked the whole distance, and did not feel the heat (130°) until we started to return. Two of the party went ahead with the burros carrying the baggage, the other two followed, accompanied by a boy and another burro, carrying the photographic apparatus.

The road was exceedingly rough and the way up hill. Your correspondent being inclined to lag behind, his companion, more accustomed to travel in these regions, hastened forward to the camping ground and kindly returned with an un-loaded burro and a heartily welcomed drink of water, our supply of the precious fluid being with the other division of the party.

After a much needed night's rest and a breakfast, two of us had an opportunity to ride on a passing buck-board to the railroad station. About four hours later than our arrival, the remainder of the party came in, as exhausted as we had been on the previous day.

To-morrow we all hope to be in "traveling trim" again, and mean to be more cautious in our future undertakings. We will rest here during the day. At midnight we leave for Flagstaff (by railroad), then for the Verde River Valley, then for the City of Bloomfield.

C. M. D.

An exchange tells of a man who, by saving a young lady from beneath the tramping hoofs of a drove of mules, won her for a wife. As the event occurred years ago, we would like to have that man's present opinion of that drove of mules—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

## The County Board of Assessors.

VALUATIONS ADVANCED NEARLY FIVE MILLIONS.—THE COUNTY TAX RATE 68.

The County Board of Assessors at the Court House to-day fixed the tax rate for 1883 at 68 cents on the \$100 of valuation. In 1882 it was 85 and 1881 it was 64. The total valuation was fixed at \$114,074,000; last year it was \$109,434,000, an increase this year of \$4,640,000. The valuations of the city and townships compare with last year as follows:

	1882.	1883.
Newark	\$86,477,000	\$86,911,000
Orange	4,972,000	4,972,000
Townships	20,866,000	20,867,000
	\$114,074,000	\$114,934,000

All the townships reported an increase except Livingston and Franklin. The latter fell behind \$33,000, owing to the Board having last year increased it \$66,000.

At the meeting to-day Tax Commissioner Thomas Pearson, of this city, was chosen Chairman, and Robert B. Harris, of Montclair, Secretary. The minutes of the last regular meeting and of the special meeting last Spring were read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Cowdry, of East Orange, the Chairman proceeded to call the wards and townships for valuations, and on motion of Tax Commissioner T. C. Scheiman, the hundreds of the totals were dropped. The following are the results for Newark:

The valuations for Newark for 1883 are as follows:

	Per Real. Personal estate.	Total.	Poll.
1.	\$7,054,175	\$1,961,320	\$103,730
2.	7,006,330	1,225,000	121,555
3.	4,456,360	1,000,000	55,483,025
4.	4,000,000	4,000,000	11,786
5.	2,310,930	413,900	58,172,000
6.	4,236,010	861,400	26,980
7.	1,875,975	438,350	6,405
8.	5,081,265	1,300,000	97,000
9.	2,964,525	1,541,870	31,015,583
10.	3,755,430	370,000	4,118,405
11.	3,174,340	46,355	1,219
12.	4,075,075	661,500	5,839,500
13.	4,000,000	4,000,000	2,437
14.	3,116,530	523,985	64,900
15.	2,000,000	277,000	10,955
			27,747,150
			1,187
			26,523
			\$107,989,805
			\$114,934,000
			\$114,934,000

The banks compare with last year as follows:

	1882.	1883.	Increase.
1.	\$8,535,050	\$9,111,765	\$576,715
2.	8,668,553	9,161,405	497,550
3.	5,830,000	5,834,025	178,025
4.	10,621,210	11,000,000	378,790
5.	3,155,913	3,172,600	16,685
6.	2,344,405	2,305,920	61,515
7.	3,000,000	3,000,000	0
8.	7,088,975	7,088,975	0
9.	3,118,405	169,630	212,585
10.	3,462,655	3,585,800	124,145
11.	5,081,265	5,325,565	240,300
12.	3,000,000	3,000,000	0
13.	3,846,170	3,937,630	41,760
14.	2,206,180	2,272,775	66,645
			26,523
			\$85,989,805
			\$114,934,000

The wells compare with last year as follows:

	1882.	1883.	Increase.
1.	\$8,535,050	\$9,111,765	\$576,715
2.	8,668,553	9,161,405	497,550
3.	5,830,000	5,834,025	178,025
4.	10,621,210	11,000,000	378,790
5.	3,155,913	3,172,600	16,685
6.	2,344,405	2,305,920	61,515
7.	3,000,000	3,000,000	0
8.	7,088,975	7,088,975	0
9.	3,118,405	169,630	212,585
10.	3,462,655	3,585,800	124,145
11.	5,081,265	5,325,565	240,300
12.	3,000,000	3,000,000	0
13.	3,846,170	3,937,630	41,760
14.	2,206,180	2,272,775	66,645
			26,523
			\$85,989,805
			\$114,934,000

By dropping the hundreds the amount was fixed at \$88,407,000.

The valuations of Orange and the townships were returned as follows:

	Per Real. Personal estate.	Total.	Poll.
Orange	547	\$1,030,000	\$159,000
	650	1,494,000	186,000</td